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## THE REWARD OF INTEGRITY.

At ten years of age, the humble hero of the following narrative was placed as a workhouse or parish apprentice with Mr. Vincent, a shopkeeper in Cornwall, at a time when it was the custom to

dispose of young paupers by apprenticing them to the ratepayers. This arrangement was generally distasteful to householders and shopkeepers of the higher class, and they preferred paying a sum of money rather than have the annoyance and vexa-

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tion of being served by pauper apprentices. But there were always to be found needy masters who would readily, for a small premium, take the poor children off the hands of those who chose to get rid of them; and in this way Mr. Vincent had usually disposed of the parish apprentices assigned to him. It happened, however, at the time of Robert's allotment, that a boy was wanted to perform the various offices of drudgery usually assigned to the youngest and lowest person in the house and shop; and Robert was accordingly taken.

From morning till night the new apprentice knew no cessation of toil and hurry; often, in spite of his patient efforts to obey the contradictory orders of his many masters, and to fulfil their impracticable commands, getting a kick or a cuff as "the iddest little dog alive." To a kind or civil word he was altogether a stranger; no one seemed to think him entitled to the least consideration or fellow feeling, as he was only "a workhouse apprentice." Robert, however, made no complaint, nor did he consider his lot one of peculiar hardship; in fact, it was far better than that of many who, like himself, were working out their long servitude. He had food enough allowed him, if he could but get time to eat it; and when his toilsome day was over, he was allowed to sleep in quiet under the counter, with sufficient bedding for warmth and comfort; he was also decently clothed. In these respects he was better off than he ever had been; and as he had never, so far as he could recollect, known domestic relations, nor shared in the happiness springing from the interchange of kindly feelings, his isolated position in the establishment was not very distressing to him. Doubtless, he occasionally felt angry under some special act of oppression, and perhaps vague ideas of retaliation sometimes passed through his mind; but he was habitually patient under all control and all abuse. He seemed to take them as matters of course, and they made little impression on him.

Whatever might be his natural capabilities and tastes, circumstances had not developed them. To others, he was a useful drudging machine; to himself, life was at that time little more than vegetation. It is, however, remarkable, that though not conscious of ever having had moral principles inculcated, he had acquired habits of industry, obedience, and truth. The probability is—and such was his own impression in after life—that he must have been carefully trained by those who had the care of his earliest years, though who they were he never knew; nor did he retain any distinct recollections of their instructions or their persons.

All the young men in Mr. Vincent's establishment had the Sundays at their own disposal. If they chose, they took their meals with the family as usual, going where they pleased in the intervals. They generally formed parties for the day among themselves, or with their respective friends. Not one of them, however, was likely to think of asking the workhouse apprentice to join them. That was an honour to which he never dreamed of aspiring; and such were his habits of self-dependence—not perhaps altogether free from a tinge of misanthropy—that he was not disposed to seek society elsewhere. When he had done what was required of him by the cook, a long solitary walk was his

usual recreation, varied sometimes by occupying himself in contriving little machines—an amusement in which he took great delight. His only tool was a common pocket-knife, and his materials bits of wood, empty reels and ribbon-rollers, which he picked up when sweeping the shop. Some of his early attempts were preserved, and manifested great ingenuity in one who had had so few opportunities of observation, and none of direct instruction. At that time Robert had no idea whatever of devoting the sabbath to any higher purpose than his own amusement.

On one memorable occasion, as he was taking a long walk, his attention was arrested by the sound of singing at a distance. His first impulse was to turn back and avoid meeting the great number of persons whose voices blended in sacred melody. But there was something pleasing in the sound. His curiosity, too, was awakened. He drew near to the spot, and soon found himself on the outskirts of the largest assembly he had ever witnessed. When the singing ceased, one man, raised above the crowd, opened a large book, and read aloud such wonderful words as poor Robert had never before heard. Then the reader closed the book, and spoke in solemn, fervent tones. It was the voice of prayer, as new to Robert as the reading of the scriptures had been. But he felt it was something in which he had an interest, and he felt unwilling to leave the place till he had heard the whole. Another hymn having been sung, a plain and animated sermon was preached, after which the assembly separated; notice having been given of services to be held at several places around, some very early in the mornings, and some in the evenings of the ensuing week.

Robert broke away from the mass of people who moved in his direction, and took his way home by an unfrequented path. Inquiries and desires were awakened in his mind to which he had hitherto been an utter stranger; and though with much darkness as to the Being whose mercy he sought, and very dim apprehensions of Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life," yet from that humble bed under the shop-counter there arose that night "the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed;" and then the poor uncultivated workhouse apprentice experienced the beginning of that "good work" whose author is the Holy Spirit, and which he will never forsake, but carry on to perfection.

In this state of mind it was natural that Robert should earnestly desire further instruction, and he knew no other way of obtaining it than by resorting to the places at which services were to be held. The evening meeting, he was well aware, he could not attend, for his work was never done till every other person in the house was ready to go to bed; but as the young men often went out early in the morning to bathe, he thought a like indulgence might be extended to him, though he was but a workhouse apprentice; and for the first time in his dreary servitude he ventured to ask a favour. The person to whom he applied was a sort of foreman or superintendent. He was a steady, upright man, but stern and rigid, and not free from the general prejudice and contempt toward one in Robert's situation: "You go out! where do you want to go to?" Robert named the place. The occasion was not asked, but permission was granted,

on condition of his returning in proper time to open and to sweep the shop.

With a glad heart the poor fellow rose with the first dawning light, as much as possible forecasted his usual work, and then hastened away to seek that instruction for which he was now hungering and thirsting. Having once tasted the pleasures of true piety, he neglected no opportunity of enjoying them.

No doubt Robert, at fifteen or sixteen years old, was able to get through his work more easily than he could do at ten or eleven. But his new principles stimulated him to methodize and expedite business in order to gain leisure for self-improvement; and he generally accomplished his purpose, although his daily tasks were considerably increased. In the long days of summer, he rose much earlier than his business required him, and by his method and despatch almost put it out of the power of others to keep him employed to a late hour in the evening. The precious scraps of time thus acquired were wisely improved in some useful pursuits; and although there was no one who noticed him, he had the satisfaction of finding his own fund of useful knowledge, and subjects of pleasant reflection, steadily increase.

True religion corrected the moroseness and malignity which the peculiar circumstances of Robert had so powerful a tendency to excite; and it produced instead, a spirit of forbearance, love, and benevolence. Though now much more able to perceive the injustice, scorn, and oppression with which he was often treated, he cherished no angry, resentful feelings, but bore all with meekness and quietness, and even took pleasure in helping and serving those who were unkind to him. Gentleness, forbearance, and kindness on his part, as they gave him a real superiority over those who oppressed him, in some measure also disarmed their contempt and insolence. They signified their requirements in more civil terms than formerly, and in a great measure dropped the tone of reproach, though they could never quite forget the humiliating facts, that he was a poor workhouse apprentice, and that he slept under the shop-counter. But this isolation was not without its attendant advantages. His obscurity screened him both from persecution and from temptation. No one took the trouble to inquire where he went or how he employed his time; and thus he escaped the ridicule he might otherwise have encountered, as well as the enticements to gay society and worldly amusements which might have proved a snare in his way.

The shortening days and precarious weather of autumn put a stop to the out-of-door services which Robert had attended with so much profit and delight. As the last of these promiscuous congregations dispersed, and Robert, in a somewhat disconsolate mood, took his leave of the hallowed spot, he was accosted by an elderly man, who, with his wife, had been among the attendants, and had repeatedly noticed the steady, interested attention of the youth, but had never before got an opportunity of speaking to him. A kind expression, and a friendly shake of the hand, were tokens of kindness altogether new to the poor lad, who had rarely been spoken to in any other language than that of command. His heart warmed

with love and gratitude, and he said, when relating the circumstances more than forty years afterwards, that from that moment he knew what was meant by the term "communion of saints." This proved the beginning of a valuable friendship. The good old people took him to their home, and in many ways aided and encouraged him.

Very soon after this interview, Robert became the possessor of a new testament, which he obtained in exchange for some of his rude but ingenious toys. The good man who received them in return perceived that it would be gratifying to the feelings of honest independence, that he should procure the book by the fruits of his own labour. He also hoped that in some way it might be an advantage to the poor lad that the productions of his industry and ingenuity should be seen; and so it fell out accordingly.

Robert was not the only nightly occupant of the shop. A small terrier dog was accustomed to sleep there, and it was part of Robert's duty regularly to admit him the last thing at night and let him out early in the morning. One night, as Robert was proceeding in the usual routine, he was stopped by one of the young men who had been but a short time in Mr. Vincent's employ. "I say, you sir, I am going to take the dog into my room to-night; I am almost devoured by rats."

"If you please, sir," said Robert, respectfully yet firmly, "have you got leave from master or Mr. Thomson?"

"How dare you ask me such a question? What business is it of yours whose leave I have got?"

"Sir, I cannot let the dog go without orders. But, if you please, I will go and ask Mr. Thomson; he is but just gone up-stairs."

"You may just please to let it alone, and take that for your insolence," replied the young man, at the same time striking Robert in the face; "and depend upon it I'll pay you out some time, you beggarly workhouse apprentice!"

Robert did not resent either the blow or the insult; but finding that the young man had given up his point, he shut the door and retired to rest. In the course of the night, he was disturbed by a low growl from the dog, and, on listening awhile, he distinctly heard some one outside working at one of the side shutters. He quickly arose and dressed himself, but, before he could call any assistance, the barking of the dog alarmed the assailants outside, and the noise ceased. Robert stayed up on the watch the remainder of the night, but no further noise was heard. In the morning, before opening the shop, he called Mr. Thomson, the foreman, and told him what had happened during the night; and Mr. Thomson, on looking about, found sufficiently clear indications that the premises had been attempted, and there could be no doubt that the attempt was defeated by the vigilance of the dog. Robert ventured to say to the young man who had been so angry with him the night before, "What a good thing, sir, you did not take the dog away last night."

"Yes," he replied, "it was a good thing, I am very glad of it; it would have been awkward for him to be away that night, of all nights in the year."

The shutter fastenings were made firm; the watchman received orders to be more attentive;

and the affair passed over. The part that Robert had taken, in answer to the request of the young man, was not then known or inquired into. If he had connived at the removal of the dog, and the robbers had effected an entrance, he would, in all probability, have been regarded as an accomplice and dealt with accordingly.

Some weeks after this transaction Mr. Thomson had gone out to spend the evening. The shop, as usual, was locked for the night, and would not again be opened, excepting at the little side door by which Robert entered, and that he was not allowed to open till bed-time. Things were in this position, when the same young man who before had wanted the dog ran hastily to Robert, and demanded the front shop door-key, saying he had accidentally left his hat.

"I am sorry for it, sir," replied Robert; "but you know I cannot give up the key."

"I know no such thing. Because it happened as it did the other night, you think you may set yourself up above everybody. I insist on your giving me the key."

"I dare not do it, sir; I am put in trust, and I must be faithful."

Again Robert stood firm against persuasions, threats, cruel mockings, and blows, and the bully again retired, saying it was of no consequence at all—he could take his hat in the morning.

As Mr. Thomson happened to return earlier than was expected, Robert, good-naturedly wishing to oblige as far as he could with propriety, asked permission to fetch the hat in question. Mr. Thomson went with him into the shop, and looked about in vain for a hat, but found a parcel of valuable goods, apparently laid ready for removal. He of course took the alarm; the young man's room was searched, and concealed property to a large amount was found there. He was dismissed from the employment.

Perseverance in well-doing is the most effectual means of putting to silence the ignorance of foolish men. It often disarms prejudice, and establishes in its place cordial and lasting esteem. The invincible good conduct of Robert had been gradually wearing away prejudice and contempt on account of his origin and his circumstances, especially in the mind of Mr. Thomson, who was on the whole a just and considerate man. He had a growing conviction that Robert was one who might be trusted. It has been justly observed, "Confidence is the lever of elevation." This is indeed one of the ways in which right conduct naturally conduces to a man's temporal advantage. When the firmness and fidelity of Robert a second time proved the defence of his master's property, Mr. Thomson fairly and honourably represented the case to his employer, and ventured to suggest that the poor lad, notwithstanding his early disadvantages, was really worthy of promotion. Accordingly, Robert was immediately freed from all kitchen drudgery, and employed entirely in the shop; an annual salary being assigned him in lieu of clothes, which had hitherto been provided by the master, who on this occasion supplied him with a liberal outfit suited to his advance in the establishment.

Perhaps there was no part of the arrangement more gratifying to Robert than the following, which strongly marked the confidence he had

acquired. Mr. Vincent desired that he should continue to sleep in the shop, but at the same time gave orders that a large recess should be parted off, and in every respect comfortably fitted up as a bed-chamber.

Among the young men in the shop, there were some who still manifested a degree of pride and unwillingness to associate on an equal footing with one who had been a workhouse apprentice; and it is probable that the ungenerous feeling might not have been altogether subdued, but that an opportunity was afforded to Robert of showing disinterested and magnanimous kindness to one from whom also he had experienced much haughtiness and neglect. This young man was seized with a dangerous fever. He could not, with safety, be removed from the house. All his companions, in terror, abandoned his apartment. A nurse was engaged to attend upon him, but she too was timid, and soon gave up her charge; and it seemed as if no one could be induced to take so hazardous a post, till Robert modestly yet firmly offered his services, and, though apprised of the danger, expressed himself cheerfully willing to run the risk, for the sake of his fellow-shopman.

His offer was accepted. He took entire charge of the afflicted youth, under the directions of the medical man, and proved himself a devoted and efficient attendant. His own health was mercifully preserved; and he had the satisfaction of seeing the young man, after a desperate struggle, restored to reason and to health. A warm and lasting friendship was established between the recovered sufferer and his generous nurse; nor were others insensible to the superior worth of one whom they had too lightly estimated. From that time, so long as Robert remained in the establishment, he was treated with the respect his conduct merited. Exalted character is above exalted station, and, generally speaking, will ultimately find its true level.

This dangerous illness, and Robert's devoted kindness to the sufferer, were providentially the means of opening a connexion which greatly conduced to his advancement in life. The father of the young man was sent for, and remained in the town to wait the issue of his son's disease. As he could not be accommodated in the house, he took lodgings with the good old people who had kindly noticed Robert. From them he learned something of the character and history of the benefactor of his son. He saw, too, the little ingenious productions which Robert had bartered for his precious testament, and observing that, though rough, they indicated talent which might be advantageously cultivated, he determined, as an expression of his gratitude, to afford the young man such facilities and open to him such connexions as were likely to advance his future interests. Accordingly, at the expiration of his engagement with Mr. Vincent, Robert was placed with an engineer in the north of England. His progress and success fully justified the favourable judgment that had been formed of his abilities.

More than fifty years after the time when Robert entered Mr. Vincent's service as a workhouse apprentice, an elderly man, after a prosperous career in business, retired from it, and, with his family, resided in one of the northern counties.



Everything of a worldly kind that could conduce to real comfort and rational pleasure was at the command of this family, and gratefully enjoyed by them. But their enjoyments were neither selfish nor grovelling. Their possessions were consecrated; the Lord was honoured with their substance, and with the first-fruits of all their increase. Humility and gratitude graced their abode, God was owned as the giver of all, and his glory sought in the enjoyment of all. Moderation presided at their table. Beneficence, not avarice nor prodigality, commanded their purse. Leisure was regarded as liberty to do good. A sense of responsibility was not only admitted but cherished. Stewardship, not proprietorship, was inscribed on every possession, and both expenses and savings were regulated with a view to the great account. Liberal things were devised and executed for the succour of the needy, the relief of the distressed, and the instruction of the ignorant.

The head of that prosperous and pious family was poor Robert, the Cornwall WORKHOUSE APPRENTICE.

#### A VISIT TO BERKLEY CASTLE.

THERE are two common though opposite errors prevalent among readers and thinkers in our times; namely, an idolatry of what is ancient, simply because it is ancient, and a rapturous eulogy of what is modern, simply because it is modern. Old buildings, old books, old furniture—indeed, anything old, except old truth—is the craving of some minds. New discoveries, new fashions, new phraseology, a new drapery for truth itself, is the constant demand of others. Each of these classes, it seems to us, ignores the only rational plan, that of finding out what is good in both old and new times and objects, and observing by comparison where society has advanced and where retrograded. The words of an elegant and popular poet,

"Let the dead Past bury its dead,"

are by no means so philosophical as they are beautiful. The past sowed the seeds of the present: it is not dead. Even the crimes and tyrannies of past ages had their uses. English liberty, like the oak, grew all the stronger because in its sapling days it was rocked by rough winds, and shaken by careering storms; deeper went the fibres of the root into the soil with every blast, so that, although the tree looked but feeble to the eye, its root was deep and strong and healthy.

If old cathedrals are the monuments of the faith, genius, and munificence of past ages, old castles are the evidences of the power and the despotism that, while superseding law, created the necessity for law and order. Gloomy and fearful are the memories associated with every old castle in Britain. For one cheerful picture of the "good old times" connected with them, there are hundreds of dark traditions associated with the frowning keep and sullen walls of the old feudal fortresses. The thoughtful traveller in our native land finds a pictorial history of England that has never issued from the press, as he views the rich valleys where the monks of old time reared the grand monastic pile, and the high hills where warriors set up their watch-tower. The good fathers generally selected

a southern aspect, with hills screening them from north and east winds: rich pastures, and a running stream, were also needful aids to their renunciation of the world; and hence, ecclesiastical ruins are mostly found in the richest and loveliest localities, giving an unmistakeable testimony to the love of creature comforts manifested by those who secluded themselves from life's dangers and duties, to ponder, as they said, upon spiritual things.

If the fat valleys of old England were appropriated by the clergy, the heights were claimed by the warrior—a class that comprised all of gentle birth. The lord of the soil, who by birth or conquest claimed the land, reared his strong watch-tower or keep on the highest point. Some serfs of the soil, and a few timid handicraftsmen, his vassals by being born in his locality, set up their dwellings at the foot of the hill, under the shelter of the tower: in time they got a grant, or charter, to hold an annual fair, or a more frequent market; and thus a township arose, the residents being compelled in all things to obey the chief, who gave them the protection of his tower and his archers. He was king, in a sense in which few monarchs are kings at the present time; that is, he was amenable to no law but his martial code. The knightly oath, the wager of battle, were his rule and his appeal. The church of the time failed to awe him; for so great were its abuses that he could buy his indulgence or pay his penalty, and after a life of rapine could endow a monastery, or build a church, and so die in the odour of sanctity.

Among the many ancient edifices that lead the thoughts back to the middle ages, few are both so interesting and so well preserved as Berkley Castle; and it is singular that, with the exception of a work of fiction, no account of any importance has been given of a building where the romantic and the awful have united to supply traditions descriptive of a state of society which happily in modern times we know nothing of.

The country surrounding Berkley is unsurpassed throughout wide England in rich rural beauty. The wood-crowned hills, fertile valleys, and beautiful streams of Gloucestershire, may challenge comparison with the most celebrated picturesque regions; to say nothing of the glorious Severn, rolling its rapid tides through a country where orchard, meadow, and corn-field attain the highest luxuriance. Over a vast district of this fair region a race of barons descended from Danish kings held sway. Harding the Dane, a follower of king Canute, is claimed as the founder of the Berkley family. On a commanding eminence, in the centre of his wide domain, the old tower or keep was reared—a stronghold suited either for watch or defence. Successive barons added the huge yet shapeless buildings that surround the irregular court-yard; and though no family has been more rent by intestine feuds, or more exposed to civil conflicts, yet the old dwelling and the old family have endured from age to age, and the castle now is one of the few baronial homes that has not gone to decay.

The visitor approaches through the little town of Berkley, which is yet, although but two miles from a railway, pretty much what it must have been in the fourteenth century. It consists of a narrow irregular street, with old houses of every

kind of grotesque ugliness and discomfort, rarely more than two stories high, the principal inn excepted, which is comparatively modern and spacious. A few rows of tenements diverge from this main street, but are equally ancient. The route to the castle lies through the church-yard—a quiet spot, with lovely views of rich woodland and sweeping vales. The venerable church-tower attracts attention, not merely by its beauty, but by its being some distance from the church itself—a peculiarity somewhat rare in church architecture,\* yet which helped the superstitious of the olden time to a legend which they doubtless found peculiarly interesting. Whenever a church was building, Satan was supposed to be in a state of extreme jealousy; and it is said that, watching his opportunity, he was one night running away with the tower in question, when he met a holy friar, who compelled him instantly to drop it, which he did in such alarm, that he stayed not to put it into the exact place from which he took it.†

The situation of Berkley Castle is not lofty, for as you approach through the church-yard to the keep, it seems to stand on level ground. The moat is now filled up, and flowers are gaily blooming where blood has copiously mingled with the gloomy waters. The present noble owner permits visitors to view the interior of the building; and entering under the fine old gateway, flanked on the left by the massive and lofty keep, its moss-grown walls grim in their "hoar antiquity," the visitor enters a spacious court-yard, so irregular that no mathematician could give a name to what is neither square, round, oblong, nor oval, but a jumble of them all. Crossing this space, which is inclosed with lofty buildings, a wide, low-arched doorway leads to a most noble hall, more than ninety feet long and thirty wide, and lofty in proportion. The fine oak-ribbed roof; the painted windows, with their heraldic emblazonment, shedding a gorgeous light; the ancient armour in quaint devices on the walls; and the tattered banners, won in deadly strife, that hang their frail filaments over the dais (or raised upper portion of the hall, where the seats of honour were placed), are all in keeping with the feudal times. Some little incongruity may strike the observer who notices the numerous collection of rare British birds that are ranged in cases in different parts of the hall. Better this than the human specimens of the marksman's skill that old times could have furnished to that stately room. A door to the right of the vast fireplace, with its broad hearth and brazen dogs, leads to a staircase communicating with the chapel. A fine black-letter bible, open on the curiously carved reading-desk, and a richly-painted window, are the most interesting objects here. It has long been disused, though kept in high order. A cast of the head of Charles the First we noticed was lying on the communion-table or altar. From the chapel a suite of magnificent rooms conducts the visitor through the buildings that surround two-thirds of

the court-yard. All the richness of modern gilding and decorations cannot give an air of cheerfulness even to the rooms in ordinary use. So great is the thickness of the walls, that the recess leading to the windows forms a small room of itself. A party in that splendid drawing-room, with its appropriate tiger skins laid over the crimson sofas, might be broken into many distinct groups if those window embrasures were occupied. The views from the drawing and music rooms correct the idea that the castle does not occupy a commanding site. It stands on the verge from whence a noble vale sweeps towards distant hills; and though the main entrance seems on level ground, the windows overlook a vast tract of beautiful country, intersected by the Severn and diversified with luxuriant cultivation. The park, with its old trees and turf hollows, its sylvan glades and herds of deer, is of course a lovely near view.

The bed-rooms of Berkley Castle have historical, and in truth fearful, interest attaching to them. A person of weak nerves or strong imagination could scarcely sleep there comfortably. Numerous as they are, one style of arrangement and decoration pervades them all. A deep recess, entirely filled with a huge four-post bed, whose massive carving and rich yet sombre hangings seem to defy the wasting hand of time, meets the eye in most of the rooms; while old tapestry hangings, with grim figures and quaint devices, cover the walls and conceal the doors of entrance and egress. There is something startling in being led to the corner of a stately old chamber, and finding that some part of the pattern of the hangings guides the attendants to a lock or spring which causes a previously invisible door to open. Here are rooms that have often received royalty, and in one of them one of the deadliest tragedies that English history records was perpetrated. A richly-decorated chamber is called Richard the Second's room. Sadly on the ill-fated monarch must have fallen the shadows of that dwelling, so fatal to his great grandfather, Edward II. Ominous of his own scarcely less wretched doom must have been the memories of that grim castle. In better times Elizabeth sojourned here, and gave her name to one of the noblest bed-rooms of the suite.

An upper and less stately room is very interesting to the visitor, as it is furnished with the cabin furniture of Sir Francis Drake, England's first great circumnavigator. The bedstead is of ebony and ivory, and in shape not unlike a small French bedstead of the present time. The chairs and cabinet are to match; and, except that the ivory is yellow with age, the whole is a beautiful specimen of the workmanship of the sixteenth century. From this room, down a winding staircase, the visitor is conducted to a gloomy room on the ground-floor, called by the ominous name of the "dungeon chamber;" not that the dungeon is there, but it forms a kind of ante-room to one of the very dreariest apartments that ever despotism fashioned in a dwelling-house. An arched lobby leads from this ante-room into a square and lofty chamber, nearly dark, for a high arrow-slit window alone lets in a dim ray of borrowed light; and when the eyes get accustomed to the gloom, a low tent bed, with faded hangings, is seen in the centre, while a rude table and bench are dimly dis-

\* Kistow church, where Bunyan was in youth a ringer, has the tower separated, as also Launceston, and a few others.

† It is owing to such absurd legends as the above that men have been induced so often to treat with ridicule the personal existence of Satan, and to regard as a contemptible bugbear a spirit who, from his subtle and malicious character, is throughout the entire range of scripture represented as an object to be regarded at all times with feelings of watchful dread.

cerned near the wall, opposite the entry. Just as the visitor is thinking this chamber a fit scene for any atrocity, the guide confirms the thought, by lighting a lantern with a line attached, and, approaching the bedside, a long trap-door, about the size of a common hearth-rug, is raised, and the lantern is lowered into a dungeon thirty feet deep, in the shape of the letter D. It is evident that such a yawning gulf at a bedside, where its cover-flap could be concealed by matting, was designed for purposes of violence. In this room was the miserable Edward I confined. Here, wronged, insulted, and, worse than all, conscious that his ferocious wife, Isabella, rightly called by the populace "the she-wolf of France," thirsted for his blood—here his enemies strove to break down his health; his spirit had been long broken. Tradition tells that dead bodies were cast into that loathsome dungeon, in order that the putrid exhalations rising at his bedside might induce fever. It seems too horrible to be believed; and yet the wicked men who could so insult the fallen monarch's miseries as to seat him on a grassy knoll in the adjacent fields, and practise the brutal joke of shaving him with a piece of iron hoop and dirty ditch-water, could do anything. Poor Edward! son and sire of two of England's mightiest kings, what a doom was his! Strange to say, life and health clung to him when all else was lost. Pestilential vapours and heart-breaking insults did not destroy the life they embittered. He was removed to a chamber still more remote from the inhabited parts of the castle. The modern visitor to the gloomy spot tracks his course from the dungeon chamber up a flight of stone steps to a room over the gateway that leads to the keep of the castle; an outside passage that could be guarded from all intrusion is the only way of reaching this chamber. Here is a small square room, the walls being covered with faded crimson hangings. A low camp bed in the corner was for the attendant of the king. A small bed in the centre of the room is that on which the last agonizing struggle of the king took place. The screams which it is said were heard in the stillness of the night for miles around seem to vibrate through the mind; and it is with loathing that one turns away from some mementoes, which it is marvellous are retained. Much more gloomy than it now is, the room must have been in ancient times: then it had but one arrow-slit to let in light and air; now two windows have been built, and, with very questionable propriety, a bust of the murdered king is in the room. In Gray's noble poem of "The Bard," this tragedy is thus alluded to:—

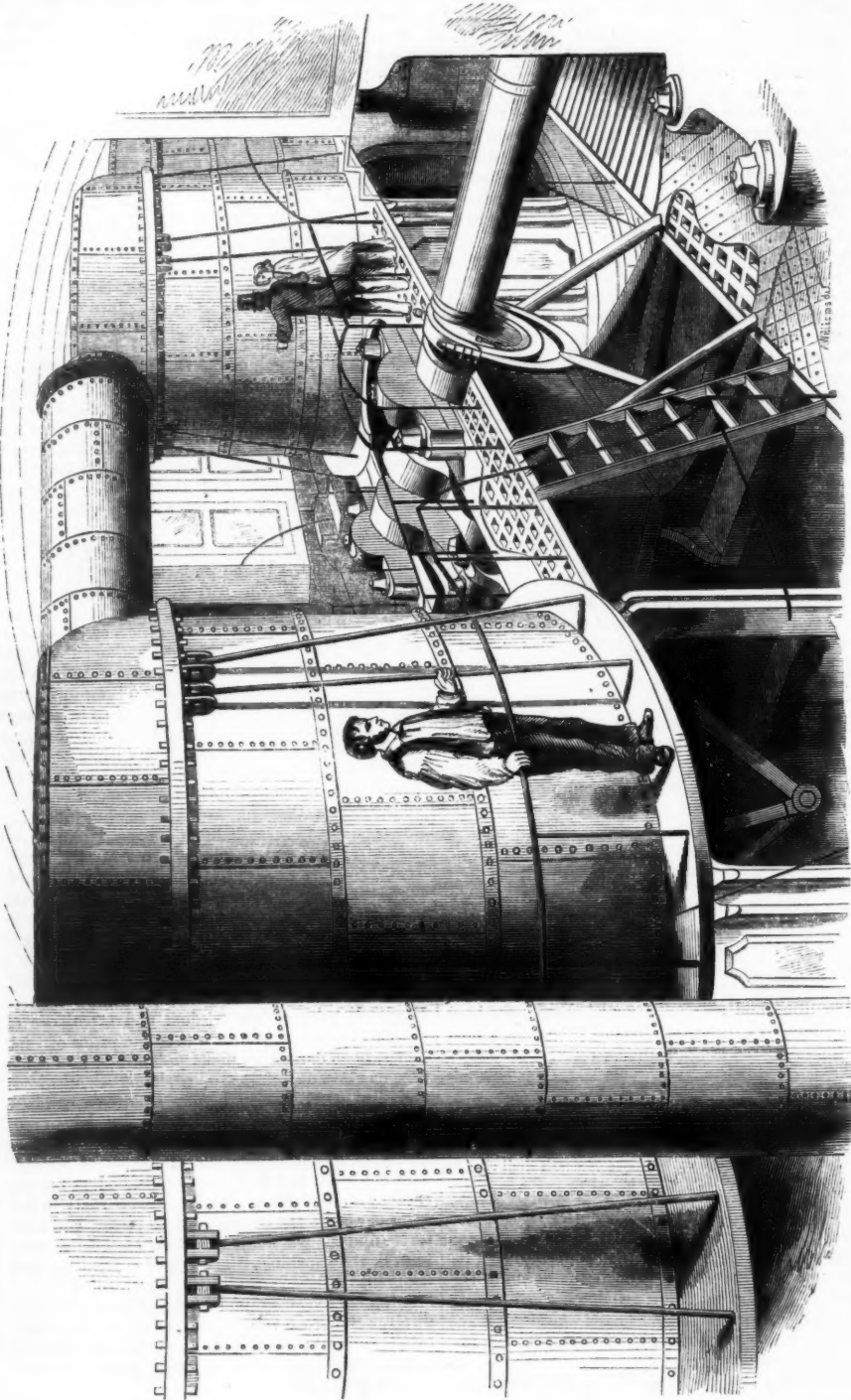
"Mark the day, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall echo with affright,  
When Berkley's roof with shrieks of death shall ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing king!"

It is with a feeling of relief that the visitor gains the outside of the old castle, and then some thoughts arise of other records connected with its memories. In rich emblazonment the motto of the house, "*Dieu avec nous*" (God with us), meets the eye at every turn, and suggests matter for reflection: a satirist might answer the motto by uttering one word—"When?"

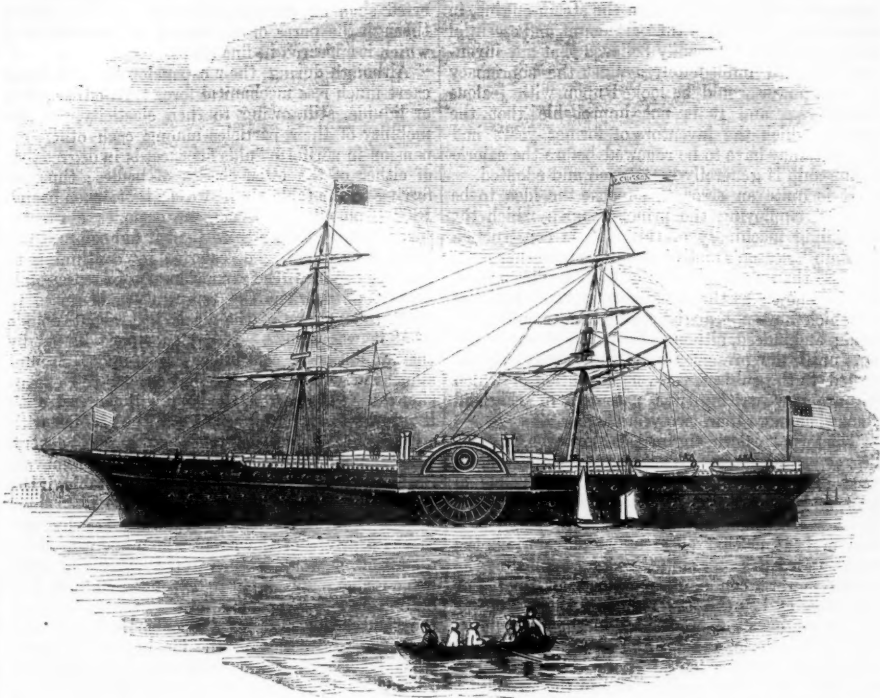
From the time that regicide in its worst form

polluted those walls, heavy troubles fell upon the family. The succession was contested between a female and male descendant, and the longest lawsuit in our English annals was the consequence. For 190 years "the stones of Westminster Hall," to use the words of a quaint old chronicler, "were worn smooth" by the claimants of the Berkley honours. Whatever these nobles suffered in that contest, their tenantry and dependants suffered far more. A certain marchioness of Shrewsbury, mother of lord Lisle, one of the claimants, obtained possession of the castle, and sending to the tenants to demand their rents, executed summary vengeance on such as refused to acknowledge her son as their lord (by paying their rents to him), and hanged them on trees at their own doors. At the time these enormities were perpetrated, the king could not interfere, for all England was a battle-field for adjusting the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster. Thus, under the covert of the royal squabbles, cruelty and rapine stalked unchecked through the land. It seems like the retributive hand of Providence, that at length the sword decided the contest which the law failed to settle, for the heir of Berkley slew his rival, lord Lisle, on Nibley Green, a lovely village a few miles from the castle.

At this same Nibley memories arise of a very different kind. Here dwelt the pious and learned Tyndale, one of the earliest translators of the Scriptures. The house in which he lived still remains. This was the noble reformer who, when he was translating the new testament, hoped the day would come when every ploughboy in England would have a copy of the Scriptures, and be able to read it. Holding views so in advance of the captious and vacillating faith of the tyrant Henry VIII, the seclusion of Nibley could not shelter him. He had to fly to the Low Countries, where, after he had completed his translation, some emissaries of the king seized him, and, procuring his condemnation as a heretic, caused him to be first strangled and then burnt at Antwerp, (Sept. 1536), the last words of the martyr being, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes!" How do the dark traditions of the castle fade into insignificance, except as an awful contrast, before the light and glory that surround the great reformer's name! We live in the day he dimly saw afar off, and died to bring about. Oh! working men of England, heirs of the wisdom and experience of the past! think as you turn over the pages of your bibles, none daring to make you afraid, how some of your brave ancestors studied, laboured, agonized, and died, that you and your children's children might be intelligent and free! The labours of Tyndale and his compeers were the sure yet slow means of changing the rude manners of society. Law and order rose from the tumult, and, as human rights were recognised, the lance grew rusty in the grim old hall; the banners fell to pieces, and fluttered, like the worthless remnants of a fallen system, in the sunshine; the moat was filled up, and made into a flowery girdle for the frowning walls; and the bold yeoman and hardy peasant, who now dwell in the green valleys overlooked by the stately castle, can take up the motto of the old baronial family, and, using it in a better sense, exclaim, "*Dieu avec nous!*"







### MORE ABOUT ERICSSON'S CALORIC SHIP.

SINCE the appearance in our pages, a few weeks ago, of an article on the "Ericsson" caloric ship, intelligence has been received of a fresh trial of its capabilities, which has gone far to demonstrate the success of this new motive power. In the course of her voyage the vessel had to encounter two severe gales and a heavy snow-storm, during which her action was most satisfactory. When she came to anchor off the Chesapeake, her engines had been working constantly for seventy-three hours, during which time they had required no adjustment, and one fireman only had been on duty throughout the trip. She consumed less than five tons of coals per day. Notwithstanding the favourable issue of this trial, there are engineers who still have no belief that she can ever be made to sail at such a rate of speed as is now required between Europe and America. The opinion, however, is very generally entertained, that the new motive power will be extensively adopted; for if the *maximum* of the Collins and Cunard steamer speed can be reached by Ericsson, his triumph will be complete. As this is a subject likely to interest the public generally for some time to come, we have thought it well to furnish our readers with a more elaborate paper upon the principle and details of the construction of this beautiful vessel, accompanied by illustrative cuts and diagrams.

Some years ago, when steam had come to be an important element in commercial enterprise, a philosopher of considerable reputation, and an acknow-

ledged authority upon such subjects, demonstrated the impossibility of ever employing vessels propelled by steam as a means of crossing with safety and despatch the great Atlantic Ocean. It required, however, but little practical experience to prove the unsoundness of the philosopher's theories; and long ago, the ocean, boundless as it seems, has been, like the land, brought under the dominion of that agent, whose empire extends itself wherever the courage and perseverance of man has opened a field for the exercise of his industry. But wonderful as is the power of steam, and manifold as are its applications, men have begun, with that restlessness of mind and straining after further discovery which mark the progress of science, to seek for new agencies to take the place of their hitherto faithful servant—to seek for other natural or artificial forces, which, possessing all the Titan-like power and general manageability of steam, shall be produced and sustained at less cost, and shall be less liable to raise itself in rebellion, and use its terrific strength to the destruction of those who had called it into existence.

Many are the efforts that have already been made, towards the discovery of some agent which may be rendered capable of superseding the use of steam; and many are the agents which experimenters have hoped to make available to the proposed object, but, as yet, with little practical effect. At the present time, however, in the United States of America, this great and, with reference to the commercial world, incalculably important problem, appears to be in the course of solution.

When we reflect upon the magnitude of the in-

terests involved in the various commercial undertakings of England, wherein the steam-engine, in some form, constitutes the paramount and essential element, it will be readily believed that any invention directed immediately against the supremacy of that power would be looked upon with jealous eagerness; and it is not improbable that the battles which the inventors of former years had to fight, may have to be renewed before the caloric steam-ship is generally recognised and adopted.

It is quite an error to suppose the idea to be new of employing the principle upon which the propelling machinery of this ship is constructed. Captain Ericsson's motive apparatus is neither more nor less than a modification of what has been heretofore known as the air-engine, several varieties of which have appeared both in France and England; and indeed, although the public attention has not until the present time been particularly directed to the subject, the very invention of which we are now writing was patented in England somewhat more than two years ago.

The term "caloric engine," is, however, in some degree, a misnomer. The expression *caloric*, as used in its proper sense, means the principle of heat, and is employed in contradistinction to the latter word, which is limited to signify the sensation of heat, or that effect of which caloric is the cause. In Ericsson's ship the agent applied as the motive power is common atmospheric air, dilated or expanded by being heated: during the act of expansion it exerts a prodigious mechanical effort; and so far, caloric, as being the cause of the expansion of the air, is essential to the motion of the apparatus; but it is not more so in the air-engine than it is in the steam-engine, where it is the sole means of producing the power, or indeed than it is in any apparatus in which heat is employed; so that to apply the term "caloric engine" distinctively to this new invention is obviously incorrect.

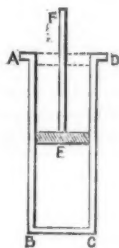
The motive power in Ericsson's engine is, as we just stated, atmospheric air, alternately expanded by being made to imbibe heat or caloric, and condensed by the abstraction of the heat previously imbibed. The physical principle upon which this invention is based is universal in its operation: every known body increases uniformly in bulk, to a greater or less degree, as it becomes hotter, and within certain limits every known substance contracts or lessens its bulk as it becomes colder. Solids, liquids, and gases, are alike subject to the law of expansion by heat; but the extent to which this expansion occurs in these various forms of matter differs materially, solids experiencing the least, gases the greatest degree of expansion; thus, when heated from  $32^{\circ}$ , the freezing point of water, to  $212^{\circ}$ , the boiling point of the same liquid:—

1000 cubic inches of iron become	1004
1000 " " " water " "	1045
1000 " " " air " "	1375

The force exerted by solids and liquids in the act of expansion is almost irresistible. This was proved to be the case with regard to the expansion of water, in a celebrated experiment of the Florentine academicians; they completely filled with water a small hollow sphere of gold, and, after having securely closed the orifice through which the water had been introduced, heated the ball;

the water within expanded, and in so doing exerted such an enormous pressure as to be forced through the pores of the metal, on the surface of which it appeared in fine drops.

Although during their expansion by heat, gases exert much less mechanical force than either solids or liquids, still, owing to their elasticity, and the mobility of their particles among each other, expansion in æriform fluids far exceeds in degree that of either of the other classes of bodies; thus, referring to the table above, we see that, when heated  $180^{\circ}$  (from  $32^{\circ}$  to  $212^{\circ}$ ), air occupies a greater space by more than a third than it did before it imbibed that quantity of caloric; by continuing to increase the heat, the expansion also increases uniformly, until, when the temperature is raised to  $480^{\circ}$ , the volume of the air is just about double what it was at  $32^{\circ}$ . If any substance dilated by the imbibition of caloric be placed under circumstances in which the heat that caused the expansion can be abstracted, the body will contract until it returns to its normal size; and the rapidity with which the contraction takes place will depend wholly upon the rate at which the heat is removed. So, in the experiment illustrated by the table, if the 1000 cubic inches of air expanded into 1375 cubic inches by  $180$  degrees of caloric were by any means deprived of the agent which had caused its dilatation, it would return to the volume of 1000 cubic inches; and if, in its expanded state, it had occupied a space capable of exactly containing it in that state, the space of 375 cubic inches would, after the contraction of the air, be left void; or, what is clearer, if the apparatus containing the 1375 cubic inches of expanded air were capable of collapsing as the air contracted, or adapting itself to the altered volume of the air, it would follow the contraction to the extent of 375 cubic inches; and in doing this might be made to exert a mechanical effort, if the proper contrivances were furnished to the apparatus in which the expansion and contraction take place.



Let us suppose A, B, C, D, in the annexed cut, to represent the section of a cylinder or tube of metal closed at the lower end; let E be a solid plug, technically termed a piston, made to exactly fit the interior of the vessel, being at the same time freely moveable through the whole height of the latter; to this piston is fastened a rod or stem, F. Let us further suppose that the cylinder is capable of containing exactly two cubic inches of air. If the piston were placed half way from the bottom of the cylinder, as shown in the figure, it is obvious that only one cubic inch of air would be confined between the lower surface of the piston E, and the bottom, B, C, of the vessel. If any change were now to take place in the volume of air thus contained, that is to say, if there were any tendency for its bulk to increase, it would exert a certain amount of pressure upon the inside of the cylinder, upon its bottom, and upon the under surface of the piston; these together making up the containing vessel, this pressure would, according to a well-known physical law, be

exerted equally in every direction—sideways, downwards, upwards; but the only part of the apparatus free to yield to this pressure is the moveable piston; this would accordingly give way to the force exerted by the expanded air, and would rise in the cylinder. If the air had been heated to  $480^{\circ}$ , as we have already stated, it would occupy double its normal volume; therefore, the cubic inch of air which was confined below the piston would have dilated into two cubic inches, enough to fill the whole of the cylinder; and the piston, yielding to this force, would have gradually risen until it reached the top, that is, until the pressure of the expanded air was balanced by the weight of the external atmosphere. The piston would now occupy the position shown by the dotted line in the cut. So long as the air retained the calorific which it had imbibed during its expansion, and which was indeed, as we have seen, the cause of the expansion, it would maintain its increased bulk, and the piston would remain elevated; but if the air were cooled, it would immediately begin to contract, and the moveable piston, being then acted upon by the pressure of the external air, would follow the contraction until it reached its original situation in the cylinder.

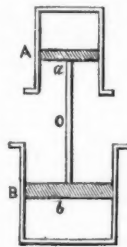
If it were possible, then, to rapidly heat and cool a quantity of any gaseous matter (for all gases follow the law of expansion equally with atmospheric air) in a confined space of the character we have described, it is obvious that a regularly succeeding ascending and descending motion of the piston would be obtained, exactly as in the steam-engine; and if the proper machinery were attached to the rod which is fixed in the piston, as in the steam-engine, the apparatus could be made to exert its motive power in every conceivable way. Taking this cursory view of the broad principle upon which an air-engine must be constructed, there seems no reason, *à priori*, why sagacity and mechanical skill similar to that which step by step triumphed over the early obstacles to the perfect construction of the steam-engine, may not, in like manner, overcome those that at present lie in the way of practical success in the construction of an apparatus in which the alternate expansion and contraction of atmospheric air shall constitute the element of motion.

Having now described shortly the nature of the principle upon which his invention is founded, we shall return to Captain Ericsson's so-called "caloric ship."

Of course, in this vessel the chief point of interest is the propelling machinery; her general appearance is that of a first-class steam-ship, and she possesses in her build and equipments no peculiarities that may not be equally applied to a vessel propelled by steam, if we except one point of singularity to an eye accustomed to the exterior of steam-boats, namely, the absence of the great smoke-funnel, which is replaced in the "Ericsson" by two small ornamental funnels; and these are symmetrically matched by two others, of the same size and appearance, employed for ventilation, and to convey air into the interior of the ship. Owing to the compactness of the machinery, and the absence of boilers, which are not required in this system of engine, the internal arrangements are in some respects different to those of ordinary steam-vessels of a similar size and class, and afford greatly

increased accommodation. As a specimen of naval architecture, the "caloric ship" is said to equal any vessel afloat: she is constructed upon a very large scale, and upon the general steam-ship model; her registered tonnage is 1903 tons, she is 250 ft. in length, 26 ft. deep in the hold, and 40 ft. wide on deck. These are the dimensions of a first-class ship, and all her equipments and appliances are described as being upon a commensurate footing.

The immediate means of propulsion in the "Ericsson" are paddle-wheels, similar to those of a steamer, the paddles being connected with the machinery by a cranked shaft of iron, which transmits the force of the engine to the wheels, and which crosses the ship exactly as in an ordinary steam-vessel. The engine in its improved form bears a certain degree of resemblance to a steam-engine, and gives motion to the cranks on the main shaft much in the same manner. It consists of double pairs of cylinders placed in the direction of the long axis of the ship; two pairs being, we must suppose, on the left of the central line and forward of the paddle shaft, the other two pairs being on the right of the central line and abaft or sternwise of the shaft. The cylinders constituting each pair are arranged one above the other, the upper one being inverted, so that its mouth (for they are only closed at one end) is towards that of the lower one, which rests bottom downwards over the furnace. A and B, in the



annexed diagram, show the relative positions of the cylinders in each pair. It must be observed that they are of unequal size; the lower, termed the working cylinder, being of greater capacity than the upper, which is called the supply cylinder. Each of the cylinders is fitted with a moveable piston, *a* and *b*, and the pistons are connected by the rod *c*, and move simultaneously. A link or connecting piece of a peculiar

construction, and having what is technically called a bell-crank movement, is attached to the centre of the rod which connects the pistons or to the apparatus which couples together the piston-rods of the double pair of cylinders; by means of this link the motion of the pistons is communicated in a diagonal direction (at about an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  with the horizon) to the crank on the shaft of the paddle-wheels. The connection of the set of cylinders forward with that abaft the shaft is so arranged, that when the pistons of one set of cylinders are in such a position that they exert least power upon the crank, the pistons of the other set will be so placed that they exert their utmost force; consequently the rotation of the shaft, with its great wheels attached, is rendered uniform and continuous, without any jarring or jerking of the machinery.

The air used as the motive force is expanded to the required degree by means of furnaces placed beneath the cylinders, but separated from them by chambers in which the expansion takes place. These furnaces heat the air to about  $500^{\circ}$ , a little below which temperature air is doubled in its volume, as we before pointed out.

A very curious and ingenious apparatus is intro-

duced by Captain Ericsson into his engine, as an adjunct to the furnace in the process of heating, and for preventing a waste of caloric in the air as it escapes from the working cylinder after having performed its duty of raising the piston. This apparatus he calls the "regenerator." It consists of a square or cylindrical chamber of metal, packed quite full of sheets of wire-gauze, placed one upon another to the thickness of 20 or 25 inches, the whole forming a compact mass of metal, permeable to air by the interstices in the gauze. The wire of which this mass is composed presents an enormously extensive surface, which, in consequence of its peculiar nature as a metal, possesses great conducting power for caloric. The regenerator is heated to a certain extent by the furnace, to which it is in proximity, and its function is to give caloric to assist in expanding the air entering the working cylinder, for the purpose of raising the piston, and to abstract the caloric from the same volume of air during its escape from the cylinder, when the piston descends in the down stroke; thus the whole of the air consumed in working the engine passes twice through the regenerator—first in entering to fulfil its duty, and secondly in passing out, that duty being accomplished.

It must be understood, as the name indeed implies, that it is in the lower or working cylinder alone that the motive effect is produced, the upper being only engaged in drawing in the supply of fresh air from the atmosphere; so also it is only the *ascent* of the piston in the working cylinder which is due to the expansion of the heated air, the *descending* stroke being produced merely by its condensation and escape.

The means by which the air is alternately admitted and withdrawn from beneath the piston resemble in principle those used in the steam-engine, and consist in a system of valves, which are opened and closed successively by the engine itself in the course of its working. The supply cylinder is in like manner furnished with valves of large size, by which it alternately communicates with the external air, and with a reservoir from which the working cylinder receives its supply for every stroke, the air in its passage to the working cylinder passing, as we have already described, through the regenerator; in this apparatus it acquires about 450° of caloric, so that it has only to be raised an additional 50° by the furnace; and as it must be remembered that the regenerator obtains a large proportion of its heat from the caloric which it abstracts from the escaping air, it is obvious that there must be a great economy of fuel.

There is one very striking feature in the machinery of the "caloric ship;" this is the immense size of the cylinders, the working or lower cylinder being 168 inches, the upper 137 inches in diameter. In an experiment not long since made with this ship at New York, it is stated that the working or available average pressure was 12 lbs. per square inch; the aggregate force exerted upon the large piston amounted, therefore, to no less than 265,860 lbs., or, in round numbers, 118½ tons; the area of the piston itself being 22,155 square inches, which is just about equal to the area of a room 12½ feet square.

The possibility of employing machinery of this immense capacity constitutes a leading point of

difference between the air-engine and the steam-engine; increase in the size of the cylinders of the latter involves a corresponding increase, in a high ratio, in the magnitude of the boilers and their furnaces, and this involves enormous additional weight and occupation of space. The size of the cylinders, and consequently the power of the steam-engine, is therefore limited by circumstances connected with the radical nature of the apparatus. In the air-engine no such limit exists, the only difficulty attendant upon increased dimensions being that of construction; and as the furnaces employed in supplying caloric to the cylinders need only be made larger in exact proportion to the increased diameter of the cylinders, and occupy but little more space than the areas of the latter, it would seem that the power of the air-engine may be augmented *ad libitum*; and it is stated that, vast as is the size of the cylinders now fitted in the "Ericsson," they are to be replaced by others nearly one-third larger, before she starts on her projected voyage to Europe.

In comparing the engines of the "caloric ship" with the steam-engine, supposing the scheme to prove otherwise practicable, there appear on the face of the question some obvious advantages in favour of the former. Firstly, the economy of fuel is said to be four-fifths of the quantity used in steam-engines of equal power. Secondly, the entire absence of danger from explosion of boilers. Thirdly, the much simpler character of the furnaces and machinery, and consequent less liability to deterioration. Fourthly, the increase of accommodation in the ship herself, from the absence of the great boilers and the more extensive machinery of steam-engines and their accessories.

These are points of advantage which must present themselves at once in considering the subject of the new motive power; but whether in its working capabilities the principle is susceptible of being brought into useful practice is not so clear. At the present stage of our information it would be premature, nay, impossible, to give an opinion worthy of confidence as to the probable success of the invention, upon an extended scale. In the first trial of the "caloric ship," in the harbour of New York, the great speed of 14 miles per hour was attained, but in a second trial it did not exceed 7½ miles. Of the speed attained on the third trial, above referred to, we have, at the period of writing this paper, received no certain information. Like certain modifications of the steam-engine itself, the atmospheric railway, and other inventions of a similar character, there may be situations and conditions to which the caloric engine will be remarkably and advantageously applicable; but with respect to the question of its general adoption as a motive power, calculated to supersede the employment of steam, the subject must for the present be left to time and experience—those searching tests of the practical value of every invention and discovery.

A GOOD PRICE FOR A LADY'S TOOTH.—M. A. Lenoir, the founder of the French Museum, relates that during the transport of the remains of Abelard and Heloise to the Petits Augustins, an Englishman offered him 100,000 francs (4000*l.*) for one of the teeth of Heloise!



## LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., OF BILSTON.

## CHAPTER III.

THE ABORIGINES.—THEIR MENDICITY AND INDOLENCE.—NOT TO BE TRUSTED INDISCRIMINATELY.—IGNORANCE OF THEIR COUNTRY.—TREASURES.—SKETCH OF A NATIVE ENCAMPMENT.—EVIL EFFECTS OF THE WHITE MAN'S DRINKING EXAMPLE.—OPPOSITE PICTURE OF NATIVE EVANGELIZATION.—ACCOUNT OF A GOOD SQUATTER.

I ONCE thought that the importunity of a thorough-bred Irish mendicant bore the palm in the world of beggary; but poor, patched, penury-stricken Paddy must yield the bad pre-eminence to the Australian aborigines. They often linger about in groups when the diggers are at their meals, begging, in voluble cant English, at every mouthful which our countrymen swallow. They will zealously help them at meals, but refuse the slightest co-operation with them at their work. They seem too indolent to have ever washed themselves, if only for the curiosity of the new sensation of cleanliness. There is scarcely a bird or beast in Australia which does not occupy as much time at its toilet as the Australian human creatures.

"They look at us in the gulleys," said one man with whom I conversed, "as if they thought what blockheads we were to work so hard for these bits of yellow stuff." There was never a grain of gold, nor precious stone, nor anything else bearing any value, found in the hands of a single native. "A black woman, called a *lubra*, begged of me one day," said my informant, "and first asked, in broken English, 'Damper, damper.' I gave her a bit of damper. 'Bit meat, bit meat,' immediately followed as her next request. I gave her some. 'Bit tea, bit tea,' she next asked; and, determined to humour her, and ascertain the extent of her mendicant impudence, I gave her a screw of tea. 'Bit soogar, bit soogar.' Sugar was boon number four, and I gave her a little. She then opened a fresh account with, 'Bit damper, picaninny; that is, a bit for her child. 'Bit meat; I gave it; but then I burst out laughing, and she saw through me, and timidly slunk away; but in ten minutes after, she sent her husband, who had stood sulkily and apathetically witnessing from a little distance her manœuvres, and he began the same catechism, 'Bit damper,' and would no doubt have rehearsed every article, but that I reached my hand towards the cart-whip lying on the cask, when my sable petitioner shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and beat an ignominious retreat. We should be glad to feed, clothe, and pay them wages, or build them houses, if they would only do a day's work now and then, but they have not the sense of a kangaroo."

I reminded my friend how thankful we ought to be that we had been better reared and taught, and that their abject condition rather appealed to our pity than contempt. To convey some idea of the habits of the natives, I will here present our readers with a description of

## AN ENCAMPMENT OF THE ABORIGINES.

I have been nearly three days on my trackless route, says a pilgrim of the bush, steering myself by my pocket compass as if I were a vessel at sea. I had only passed one station on the whole weary way. The sense of loneliness at times grew overpowering. I felt as if all nature were a prison in

which I stalked to and fro in solitary confinement, unable to escape even my own sensations. The long silence at times was so awful and magnetic that I realized a kind of coma that disabled me from any effort to break it, even by a whistle, lest the echo should only make the stillness more painfully obvious. Your echo in the bush is like nature rejecting your voice, and forcing you to eat your own words. Ah! what is that light yonder that greets my wistful gaze as the day is closing in, and the peremptory twilight of Australia shuts its dark door in the face of heaven as soon as the sun's back is turned? To the hungry, weary bush-ranger, the gleam of a hut-fire shines brighter than a star in the cold far-off heavens, which you never think of getting nearer to, as you hope to do at yonder hearth. As I approach, I discover it is a group of aborigines squatted round a primitive fire of their forefathers, under the same "miamia" as when their intercourse with Europeans commenced half a generation ago. These primogenitive lords of the soil seem scarcely above par with the settlers' dogs. The neighbourhood of civilization hitherto has done little for them, the zealous labours of the missionary being frustrated by the immoralities of his irreligious countrymen. The apathetic savage has naturally preferred the vicious affinities of the latter to the more arduous virtues of the former, and learns to treat the man of God with much the same indifference which he meets with from the white men of the world.

What a mere mob of grotesque, disordered figures the rude light of the logwood gleams upon, half clad as they are, if clad at all, in the cast-off clothes of the colonists! Any one of these poor black chapmen would willingly exchange a skin worth a sovereign for an old hat not worth sixpence. Wandering on the maiden sward of his native bush, the aboriginal man, with his opossum rug thrown gracefully over his shoulder, like a primæval robe, moves in a wild unconscious dignity among the trees, like a natural lord of the manor; but, bedizened in the vulgar ragged slops of the squatters, he is reduced to the level of a vagabond. There is one armed *cap-à-pié*, the parenthesis of entire nakedness in his person relieved by a military hat on his head, and a pair of worn-out top-boots on his feet. Another minces about with an awkward imitation of some dandy settler, having on only a venerable blue dress coat, whose brass buttons are still bright and glittering, and its tails hanging down on the dark skin calf as naturally as over a pair of pantaloons. A third has packed his loins into a pair of plethoric unmentionables, which have cracked and peeled upon the wearer, like the bark of the native trees, and they have evidently occupied their position since the proud day of their first investiture. A fourth stalks to and fro in a loose dirty cotton night-shirt, as if he had been suddenly roused out of bed some months ago, and had never got back again to complete his toilet. A fifth wears merely a red plush waistcoat; while another, with equal economy, contents himself with a sergeant's uniform coat, gold stripes and all. In the midst of them rose about three fully-equipped bronze folk, in the brave accoutrements of the mounted police, from which corps they have probably absconded some months before, to appease among their squalid fellow-savages the fit of nos-

talgia which sickened them with the settlements of the white men. Excepting, perhaps, a dozen of them, wrapped, in cerecloth fashion, in the blankets annually presented to a limited number of the natives by the colonial governor, all the rest were entirely naked, save a bandage round their loins. One man, evidently a renegade European, by the ease with which he wore his garments, his skin of a gipsy hue almost emulating the duskier tinge of his associates, moved about from one to another part of the fire as the whim seized him, dispossessing at each turn some drowsy native of his lair, and mimicking the airs and annoyances of a more civilized jack-in-office. The black men growled, grinned, and grimly yielded to his vulgar despotism, but kept up a grunt of sullen reluctance for minutes afterwards.

There appeared to be about forty of these strange figures, counting them in my approach as well as the increasing darkness would permit me. All were smoking, even to the women, and some of the elder boys. If there be any zoological philosophy in the naturalist's classification of man as a *cooking* animal, the pretensions of the Australian savage are of the humblest order. Their *lubras*, or native wives, are seen, on our drawing near, to be engaged in smothering opossums, wild turkeys, and one or two kangaroos, amongst the hot ashes, without skinning or disembowelling the entrails of a single creature; and before they are half baked, their impatient lords snatch their respective meals from the burning embers with their bare hands, brush off the singed hair or feathers, as the case may be, with the other hand, and without further ceremony tear off a mouthful with their teeth, and then pass the mangled morsels to their *lubras* to take their bite in their turn. Receiving their share, thrown over their lords' shoulders, the ladies with equal *nonchalance* toss the creatures again into the fire, when the same process of mastication, precedence, and succession is repeated, until the bones are picked as clean as if a pack of hungry dogs had gnawed them.

Though afraid of the white men, the aborigines have the reputation of being treacherous and cruel on occasions when they can reckon upon impunity; so I do not choose to introduce myself too suddenly into a company where the odds in point of numbers are against me. Mounting a bushy tree hard by, I conceal myself, and overhear or rather overlook their manoeuvres. The voracious meal over, the horrid drinking-can—a debasing importation of the white man—is passed round the savage group, out of which each adult male takes a heavy draught of the raw, fiery whisky. Every moment increases the boisterous barbarism and delirium of some of them, the sullen, sottish stupidity of others, the melancholy or malice of still more, and betrays, in their worst forms, the secret idiosyncrasies of all. Grim faces, which had been innocent of soap and water since they *were* faces, grew more grim as the shades of evening deepened against their unwashed profiles, the fire illuminating at fitful intervals their gaunt and scowling impression. Now and then, the sounds of hateful brawl, succeeded by a scratch, a tearing, or a reciprocated kick, like the warfare of the beasts of the field, indicated, like a drink-dial, the progress of the debauch. The scream of a burnt child,

dropped by its drunken mother on the embers, is drowned by a volley of native imprecations from the equally drunken father, who beats them both for the accident. Then a heavy savage rolls over insensibly upon an irritable little creature of the group, who fastens upon him with his teeth like a dog, and is immediately worried and bit off by his superincumbent antagonist, like another dog, and the two continue to exhibit their white teeth, and growl and snap at each other for minutes after. A dozen others, starting to their feet, with a mad shout of inarticulate revelry, grasp at each other's hands so fiercely that you doubt whether fun or a fight, or both, is to be the sequel; and, after a fixed, ferocious gaze into each other's eyes for a minute, they rush into a wild, delirious dance round the miamia, treading upon their drowsy companions on the line of their jig, ever and anon thrusting one of their fellow-dancers into the fire, and ringing the scandalized woods with the echoes of their discordant laughter, as their angry victims scramble out again, screeching with the pain of their burns. Many of them have at length fallen into a sleep heavy as their draughts and deep as their awful debasement; others are dropping off, one by one, torpid and inanimate as a snake after a gorge. The laughter, the dancing, the shouting, the screeching, brawling, fighting, and swearing grow more and more languid and declining, like their expiring fire. The dancers drop off breathless, exhausted, and sinking to sleep where they fell; and by and by, only one solitary, yawning, half-drunken savage—their idiot sentinel—sits moping like an owl, winking his eye at the fire, and gaping into its ever-shifting embers, as if he saw marvels in its rude kaleidoscope which fascinated his gaze and chained it there. Sleep—if it were not almost irreverent to the attributes of natural slumber to call such a scene of stupefaction by that name—laid a deadening hand upon their debauch, and the whole group lay powerless and insensible, as if the “unclean spirit” of drink had smitten each of them on the head and left them stunned and insensible under the blow! If the wild animals of the bush could moralise as in Æsop's days, they might have blushed at the spectacle of their human aristocracy debasing themselves to a level so far beneath their own.

This was the portrait of the aborigines in a state of nature and intercourse with mere civilization. Not a long while after, I saw a group of the aborigines brought under the influence of grace and evangelical renovation. The latter were a much smaller assembly, a mere fireside circle—eleven persons in all—sitting round the blazing hearth in the large common room or hall of a thriving squatter on the Liverpool plains. Except himself, wife, and two children under twelve years old, every adult about his comparatively little farm was a native. Half missionary, half grazier, this man, originally a shepherd, had lost no time in acquiring the language, nor opportunity of getting access to the natives that fell in with him on his solitary sheep-walk. He began at once with the sublime but simple story of Jesus—told them of the Son of God coming down from heaven, assuming a man's flesh and a man's heart—rehearsed again and again the tale of his sorrows and sufferings, his miracles and mercies, his cross and crown—

opened the doctrine of repentance, beginning with tears and ending in triumph; and he scarcely ever varied his teaching, until at length one and then another of the natives stopped to hear more, and these were joined by others. Thus this shepherd-preacher in the wilderness gathered a little band of a dozen natives, including three of their wives, whom he taught to build huts about his own sheeling, and, in return for his instructions, they began to help him with his sheep. By-and-by he bought the station, as it was a remote one, and small, and within his well-husbanded means. His group of converts clung to him. With their aid, in another spring, he built his large timbered homestead, surrounding it with huts for his friends, so that they wrought, and worshipped, and lived in peace together. Their sabbaths were days of rest and devotion. They seemed to grow in grace and knowledge; and Christianity, their great civilizer, had taught them higher tastes and nobler aims than the rude traditions of their fathers. They learned to save, also, as well as to earn. They will be the founders of future native families of real lords of the soil. Their example will spread. They and theirs will form an unanswerable illustration of the sacred canon, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Alas! that such instances as that just described should be so rare as to appear almost incredible. The informant from whom the writer received the materials of both this and the former sketch represented the happiness and quiet comfort of the squatter's home-circle as a refreshing contrast to many even of the white men's families which he visited. One can readily imagine the patriarchal settler in the midst of his mingled group of white and black faces, sitting, at the week's end, on the Saturday night, preparing, in the spirit of the Levitical prescript, for "the morrow of, the holy sabbath." Enthroned in his high-backed chair, hollowed out from some ancient oak, the gnarls and the fissures in which are retained in the picturesque shape in which the sportive hand of time had left them, "the good man of the house" is reading the bible—one of the very few volumes he still possesses as cherished relics of connection with his own tongue and mother country. A hymn is sung, and, their simple offering of praise ended, the good man rises in his place, and looking round as it were on the steps of his domestic altar to see if all were there, and none inattentive, vacant, or irreverent, he feels in the deepest secrets of his fatherly heart the joy and thankfulness of the conviction, "Here am I, and the children thou gavest me;" while no minister pomp nor cloistered awe ever reached the touching solemnity of his simple utterance of the words, "Let us pray!"

The evening breezes seem to cease, as if some one bade them, for nothing should interrupt the sacred breathings of "the wind that bloweth where it listeth," that all there might "hear the sound thereof." As they separate for the night, each one seems to bear away in his countenance some indications of that light that lingered on the face of Moses after his communings on the mount; and it prepares and attunes them, like an unction from above, for the high and holy celebrations of the morrow's sabbath day.

## THE SNOW-DROP.

HAIL! timid messenger of Spring,  
Thou dost glad tidings with thee bring,  
Of lovely things for us in store,  
Of wintry storm and tempest o'er.

Fair herald of thy beauteous race,  
Venturing to smile in Winter's face;  
How tremulous with hope and fear,  
How spirit-like thou dost appear!

Soft seem thy silvery tones, and sweet,  
From the green moss-bed at my feet;  
Telling of music and of mirth,  
And the rich coming bloom of earth.

And bright and fresh the robe will be  
Wove for the meadow and the tree;  
Gladness shall sparkle in the stream,  
And sunlight o'er the hill-tops beam.

And yet on thy pale purity  
What saddening thoughts are traced for me!  
Oh! bitter tears that I have shed,  
Since last I saw thee bend thy head.

Still doth thy voice seem from a clime  
Ne'er trodden by the steps of time;  
Art thou the spirit of that Spring  
Of which immortal Hope doth sing?

Then ours is but a dream to thine,  
A shadow, cast from bloom divine.  
If such the glimpses that we see,  
How beautiful thy home must be!

MARY LEWIS.

## SONG OF THE SPRING.

My laughter has broke o'er the azure sky,  
And the sombre clouds have arisen to fly;  
My voice through the woods has again been heard,  
And recall'd to its haunt the exiled bird.

Away o'er the meadows I've lightly trod,  
And the flowers have sprung in the freshening sod;  
I have breathed where the ice-bound waters lay,  
And bright is the foam of the dancing spray.

I have waved my wings, and a rich perfume  
Has floated around from the orchard's bloom;  
I've glanced o'er the bed where the sick doth pine,  
And wreathed round the lattice the rose and vine.

I've come to the haunts that I knew of yore—  
To the rich man's lawn, to the cottage door;  
But I see the gloom of the storm-cloud cast  
O'er homes lit with love when I saw them last.

I miss full many a beautiful brow,  
And many light footsteps are silent now:  
Oh! where are they gone, the young and the bright,  
Who greeted me last with such wild delight?

Are they laid in their dark and narrow bed?  
Are they resting now with the silent dead?  
Will they tread no more in the festal hall?  
Will they bound no more at my joyous call?

The once happy face hath a shade of care;  
In the brilliant eye I have mark'd a tear;  
And the still, cold hearth, and the lonely bower,  
Each tell of a world where Decay hath power!

I have made the earth like a fair young bride,  
And now farewell, for I may not abide;  
I go to the land that knows not of blight,  
Where cometh no shadow of sorrow or night.

I shall see no graves of the lovely there,  
For Death cannot breathe in celestial air;  
I go, where fadeth not blossom or tree:  
Will ye come with me? will ye come with me?

MARY LEWIS.

### Varieties.

**NAPOLÉON'S LITERARY WORKS.**—A complete collection of the literary works of the great warrior is being made at Paris by a triumvirate of eminent literary men. Napoleon being little known as an author, it is generally assumed that the "works" referred to can only consist of proclamations, despatches, and correspondence. Such documents, no doubt, will form the bulk of the thirty or forty volumes to which they are to extend, but real literary productions will be found in them, and they, we venture to say, will not be the least curious or interesting portion. Napoleon, in fact, when he was young, was not unambitious of gaining literary reputation, and he employed his pen in the concoction of sundry tales and essays. Of these, some few have been preserved from destruction, and they are to figure at the head of his works. Amongst them are, we understand, says the "Literary Gazette," a "Roman Corse;" a series of "Notes on my Infancy and Youth;" a tale called the "Earl of Essex;" "The Mask," an eastern tale, etc.

**INTERESTING RELIC.**—At a recent meeting of the British Archaeological Association, Mr. Tucker exhibited a silver-gilt ring which was said to have been given by George II to a pilot who saved him from wreck in one of his voyages from visiting his Hanoverian dominions. With this ring was also given a permission to "vend victuals" in Hyde Park, and it was said that the man's descendants to this day exercise this privilege. The ring bears the arms of Poland impaled with those of Lithuania, surmounted by a regal crown.

**MAP OF FRANCE.**—A complete, minute, and exact map of France is about to be terminated after 35 years' incessant labour, and at an expense of nearly 400,000*l*. It has been executed by the officers of the staff and the engineers. It is the grandest work of the kind ever undertaken in any country of the world.

**ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS.**—The Antiquarian Society has nearly completed the arrangement of a curious and unique collection of proclamations, consisting of about 200. Some proclamations, however, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth are yet wanting, which it is hoped will be soon supplied by the zeal of the Fellows of the Society.

**AUTOGRAPHS.**—A sale of several hundred autographs, chiefly letters belonging to the late M. de Tremont, took place in Paris a few weeks ago. Amongst others, which fetched considerable sums, were those of Shakespeare, which realized 111 francs; of Walter Scott, 35 francs; Queen Victoria, 23 francs; Mary Stuart, 175 francs; Henry VIII, 110 francs; Washington and Wellington, 30 francs each; and Bayard, the French dramatist, lately deceased, 311 francs.

**THE POPULATION OF NEW SOUTH WALES** appears, from a return by Dr. Lang, to be thoroughly British: born in the colony, 81,391; England, 51,122; Wales, 558; Ireland, 38,659; Scotland, 10,907; other British dominions, 1955; foreign countries, 2651.

**DECREASE OF PAUPERISM.**—It is gratifying to find, by the annual return which has lately been issued, that there continues to be a marked diminution of paupers of all classes, but especially of the able-bodied. The decrease during the past year has been nearly 38,000; while since 1848 it amounts to 141,408, being fifteen per cent., or one-sixth of the whole. The decline in the number of the able-bodied, however, is no less than thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, who have thus been raised from a condition of degradation and humiliating dependence to a state of self-reliant independence. Instead of being housed, fed, and clothed by the public, they feed, house, and clothe themselves, and contribute their quota to the public taxes. Various causes have been in operation to produce this happy result, prominent among which may be mentioned Australian emigration. The agricultural population have not at present experienced so large a share in this improvement as the manufacturers.

**A BURMESE STOCKADE.**—As frequent references are being made, during the Burmese war, to the stockades of the natives, the following description of one, erected at Martaban, by an officer of the Indian army, will not be

without interest. Conceive, he says, a row of upright timbers extending for miles, as they do, round the entire place, except in parts of the north and east sides, each timber fit to be the mainmast of a ship; these timbers are three deep, and so close to each other that a walking-stick could not be passed between them. Behind these upright timbers is a row of horizontal ones, laid one above another; and behind all is a bank of earth, 24 feet broad on the top and 45 feet at the base; the height of the top of the uprights, from the bottom of the ditch in which they are deeply planted, is generally 14 feet. The upper part of the ditch, and that nearest the stockade, is filled with a most formidable *abattis*, in the shape of the pointed branches of trees, stuck firmly into the earth, and pointing outwards; beyond this is the deep part of the ditch, which, in the rains, is of course filled with water. The upright timbers are strengthened with connecting planks, the ends of which are inserted on their tops, the other end of the plank being similarly secured by strong wooden pins in the bank inside. They are of such enormous, massive thickness, that firing at the face of a stockade would be a throwing away of powder.

**A FORGERY ESTABLISHMENT.**—"So far as relates to the wholesale commission of crime, almost in defiance of the law, my own memory extends far enough to afford an example. When I was a boy, there lived in the neighbourhood of Birmingham a man named Booth, who upon a large scale carried on the forgery both of coins and bank-notes. His house was built in the middle of a heath, so as to enable him and his associates to see any person who approached; and it was so strongly fortified, that when, as was sometimes the case, a party of police attempted to force an entrance, the inmates had time, before the work was accomplished, to destroy or effectually to conceal the evidence of their guilty trade. There was no staircase in the building; so that, when one story had been entered, there was still a difficulty in gaining admission to another. At last, however, a detachment of cavalry being suddenly moved on this stronghold of crime, where also long impunity had induced habits of carelessness, and an entrance being promptly made by the roof, the police did at length succeed in discovering an unburnt forged note, which had been carried up into a chimney by the draught of a fire into which the notes had been hastily thrown; thus furnishing evidence on which the principal offender was hanged, his accomplices transported, and the gang, after years of crime, effectually broken up. So little caution did this man think it necessary to use during the heyday of his career, that he was in the habit of openly sending his base metal to be rolled in the adjoining town; and on one occasion the messenger being asked of what thickness it was required, unhesitatingly took out of his pocket a three-shilling piece (then a coin in common circulation), and gave that as the gauge."—*Hill on Crime and its Remedies*.

**A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.**—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work in a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humour, and had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied; 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and she is sure to be ready, and she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkind to anybody.' What influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far towards making a home happy and peaceful."

THE celebrated Boyer bible, upon which upwards of 3000*l*. had been expended, was sold by auction a few weeks back to Mr. Willis, bookseller, of Covent-garden, for 405*l*.